

The Mirror

OF

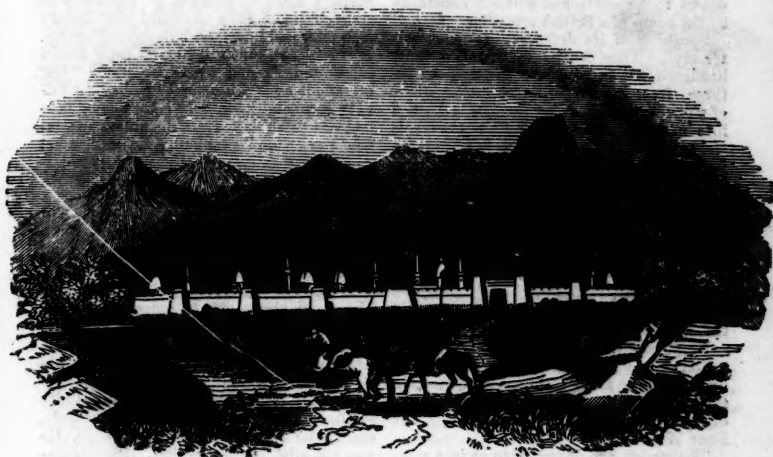
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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CANDAHAR.

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It was formerly believed that the city of Candahar was founded by Alexander the Great, but those who advanced this opinion could only mean to declare that "Macedonia's Madman" had formed a city on that spot. The present city can put forth no claims to remote antiquity. Major Rennell has shown that the Promisan Alexandria of Alexander could not be the place. Candahar, the city now known by that name, has been built within the last eighty years. It is distant from Agra, via Cabul, 1208 miles, from Benares 1588, and from Calcutta, via Moorsshedrabad, 2152.

In former times there existed here a province belonging to the Mogul empire, which, according to tradition, had been an independent state. Ahmed Shah, a soldier of the Affghan tribe of Abdalli, who from obscurity had raised himself under Nadir Shah, or Kouli Khan, to the rank of an Affghan prince, again formed it into a kingdom. This daring was not happy.

NO. 1268.

The offended Nadir turned his arms against Ahmed, deprived him of his country, and compelled him again to become one of his own followers. This was in 1739. Ahmed, though forced to submit, was not content; and, on the decease of Nadir, he again appeared among his former subjects, and established with better fortune a considerable kingdom, which passed at his death, in 1779, to Timus Shah. His subjects were said to be well governed, and his army at one time numbered two hundred thousand men. The city of Candahar is described by Forster in his "Journey from Bengal to England," as "comprised within an ordinary fortification of about three miles in circumference, being of a square form, populous and flourishing, lying in the great road which connects India with Persia and Tartary. In its vicinity there is much cultivated land, but to the west there is a desert extending nearly to Herat."

During the late war, on their advance to Cabul, the British sought Candahar with

VOL. XLV.

great eagerness. "It was broad day-light," says Captain Havelowe, "when we saw before us, seated in an open plain of corn fields and meadows, intersected by water courses, the object of so many desires and expectations, in a mass of buildings worthy of the title of city, surrounded by a quadrangular wall of curtains and bastions, thirty-three feet in height. Behold, then, at length," he adds, "the western capital of Afghanistan prepared to present its bulwarks to be envired without resistance by the camp of a British army."

Speaking of its defences, the same writer says, "They consist of a wall of mud, hardened by exposure to the sun, thirty-three feet in height, without bastions of stone or brick. The *enceinte* is divided into curtains and semi-circular towers, is strengthened by a *fausse braye*, and defended by a ditch ten feet in depth and twenty-four in width. The southern side of this vast area is thirteen hundred, the northern eleven hundred, the eastern sixteen hundred, and the western, which is, in fact, two sides meeting in a large angle, nineteen hundred feet in length. The northern is entitled the *Eadgate*; the southern, the *Shikarpore*; the eastern, the *Cahool*; and the Western, the *Hama*."

From each principal gate of the fortification runs a street of houses of sun-dried brick. These four grand avenues meet in the centre of the city, under the vast dome of a circular bazaar, denominated, "The Four Ways."

The streets are described to be in a most filthy state. "Blind, maimed, deformed, ragged, unspeakably squalid men, women, and children (the last in the greatest numbers), not only stand, sit, but lie grovelling in the dust and mire, and under the very horses' feet, perpetually exclaiming, "Buraee Khooda! Buraee Khooda!" "For the sake of God."

THE THREE FRIENDS; OR, LIBERTY AND VIRTUE CROWNED AT LAST.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

(Concluded from page 407.)

The reader may anticipate what would now be the feeling of Cleomene; but diligence, patience, and prudent courage still remained generous friends by his side. Strengthening his heart to do the best, having lost his two friends, and determining to fight it out to his last breath; after mature deliberation, and taking the sense of the wisest men of his army, he determined, with all the power he could raise, to attack the city at all its gates with fire and

sword, and thus burn out the tyrant and his horde; besides he had a particular desire to gain, if possible, the liberty of his fellow in arms. This measure required some time to execute; but when his army was formed, judiciously disposed, and the plan of attack nearly completed, he received news the most startling that had reached his ears—that Alexander had accepted a title and station under the king. This he could, however, hardly credit, especially when he thought of the death of Aristobulus. How deceitful the human character and how false human confidences. It is with as much justice as force that a celebrated French writer observes, "*Qu'attendons nous des hommes? Ils sont foibles, inconstans, aveugles: les uns ne veulent pas ce qu'ils peuvent, les autres ne peuvent pas ce qu'ils veulent. La nature est un roseau cassé; et on veut s'appuyer dessus, le roseau plie, ne peut nous soutenir, et nous percer le sein.*"

The fact was this: when Alexander had recovered from his wounds, he had nothing to expect but present death, all ransom being refused. The king, who judged (and, in some measure, rightly), that the love of liberty in those out of office is another name for the love of power, thought it prudent to tempt Alexander, and if possible win him to his interest. Had that he would directly benefit himself much by this artful scheme, but he hoped it would cut into the heart of Cleomene, discourage his hands, and shake the confidence of his troops. He was not mistaken in the first. Restless ambition, united with a severe and even ferocious disposition, with the love of power (not the love of honour), were the prevailing features of Alexander's mind; so that, not having the courage to die, he renounced his principles, and took his seat, with almost as much pride, as though it were a post of honour, beneath the throne of a tyrant.

Cleomene credited the report he had heard, but secretly thought, or, at least, hoped, that Alexander had done it through craft, to win time, in order that he might by some means escape, and again join him. There appeared, however, great mystery, and he was perplexed how to proceed; but at length he determined to alter his plan, and delay the intended assault till he had been himself into the city, and found the truth of the matter beyond doubt. Disguising himself in the habit of a slave, and providing for his absence as well as he could, he left the camp under the best direction in his power, and made for the city. There he offered himself to serve in the king's army. His artifice succeeded. By this means he gained admission. This was no sooner done than he gathered the truth respecting Alexander, still thinking that he waited only for some favourable oppor-

tunity to join him. When he arrived at his palace, his heart was exulting with joy. Here again, taking the habit of a slave, he engaged himself as a servant; but his confidence was a little shaken when he saw with what heartless content he appeared to live, and that he behaved to the tyrant with smiling indifference, rather than a smothered hate. He thus continued several days brooding, without respite of dismay, over the apparent truth, thinking of the death of Aristobulus, which now filled him with a new anguish, mixed with remorse—his heart swelling with a holy indignation.

It was the custom of Alexander to walk in his garden in strict privacy at noon. After three days Cleomene gave way to the vengeance he had been premeditating; and watching Alexander till he was at the end of the avenue of the garden, where his guard could not hear him, and where he was free from interruption, came up to him and said, "I have long looked for this opportunity. Know thou that thy happiness is complete. I am no slave, but a messenger disguised from the soldier Cleomene to give thee the prospect of deliverance, and afford means for thy secret flight." Alexander bit his lip, and folding his garments round him, replied to this unexpected and unwelcome intruder, "Begone; you mistake me, I am not one of your rebellious faction." On this Cleomene struck him a violent blow on the mouth with the back of his hand, casting at him a terrible look of loathing and disdain. They both drew their swords. Alexander fought madly, as if to justify his treachery; but Cleomene followed him up, blow for blow, with a most piercing eye, and a secure confidence that doomed him to death. Having wounded Alexander in the throat, he struck him on the head, and levelled him with the dust; then striding over him, waited to see if he was yet dead. When he was a little revived, Cleomene said to him, "Thou wretch, be it known to thee, that the great cause thou has betrayed is its own avenger. Though thou hast deserted it, liberty, sweet liberty! shall be its own champion. It is a word to melt the crowns of tyrants yet; and for such petty worms as those that eat their way into human hearts, and take the life-blood smiling—her foot is on thee—her arm of vengeance can reach thee in palaces, or on thrones. Know me for Cleomene!" And he raised his arm to strike him dead; but, Alexander calling for mercy and pardon, Cleomene said, "Pardon thou hast, but mercy none—and yet a little—as much as thou didst give Aristobulus. Art thou so mean a reptile as to wish to live in thine own filth, a tyrant's engine of unholy wrath? Oh fool! fool! how worse than mad! What hast thou lost? Where are the shouts from a thousand hearts made joyous by shaking the dull leaves

from overblown oppression? Where is the echo that high heaven would send in answer to that psalm? Where is thy banner in the victory—thine oath—thine honour, and thy name in heaven? All gone. Wouldst thou yet wish to live? Where is thine hatred to the tyrant king? All turned to love, nay worse, to callous vacancy. Thyself remembering, but all else forgot that makes thee worth remembrance. I forget thee not. Poor worm! Dost struggle? This for the cause of liberty. This for the nobler Aristobulus. Myself and heaven come last. So, now my sword has supped. It shall to bed. Thou bloody picture! Amen to thee. Henceforth I do forget thee." So saying, he turned his back on him, and left him lying under the tree dead. Returning to his army, he bethought him how he might best atone to his great cause for the falling off of another of its sworn leaders. As his difficulties increased, his love to the cause of the people became stronger, and he grew more firm and lion-hearted in its defence; and determined on living, but to secure one grand object, he set his life at nothing. But it is the nature of true greatness to rise in proportion to the greatness of the difficulties and enemies by whom its noble plans are set at defiance.

He returned to his camp, full of anxiety, hope, and firmness, all of which were soon to be tested; and sending for his officers, he unfolded his mantle, and discovered himself. They no sooner saw him, than they fell upon him, bound him, and gave him over to certain of his enemies who were at hand, and left him at their mercy. In vain he threatened, and called for his guards—none answered; they bore him, full of doubt and anxiety, back into the city, and cast him into a dungeon. Still his firm heart would not be shaken at this mutiny of his captains; and, rendering his cause into the hands of Heaven, he bethought him vigilantly, by what means he could once more regain his liberty, to espouse it at the peril of the lives of the traitors. On looking round the prison, he saw three of his soldiers bound, and standing at his back. "My brave fellows," exclaimed Cleomene, "how are you in this misfortune? Tell me, if you know, how came we thus." They neither of them answered; but, casting their eyes upon the ground, hung their heads in silence. When Cleomene pressed them further, one said to the other, "Do you tell the captain—my throat is sore;" and his comrade, who was an old veteran, upon this said, "My lord, you have heard my voice often thunder in the war; but I have to tell a childish tale, unfit for a man's breast to send forth, a man's ear to hear; so I will suit it to the story. My eyes are wet; I espy nothing

but ruin where I have seen honour. But enough of this—Oh! yet anything rather than come to the matter; but as well as I may, with powers impaired, with grief and shame, I'll tell it. Ope thine ears, and brace thy heart, for I will tell this tale but once, and to you only; and, sooth, none will believe. We bring here the greatest sacrifice that honour and a great cause ever registered; we are not man's soldiers now, but God's, for man deserts us. I take the praise that is due, for it fills our hearts without the help of the world. Captain, there is one thing called gold, and another honour; when they go together, they are Heaven's champions; when not, they are enemies and fight. Come, come, I will be plain; thy officers said to thy men (fierce fires consume them!) 'The king hath sent us gold, would fain be friends, and bring us to peace; hath sent us laws, signed by his proper hand; grants of land, and measures of corn, in the hard season. Show this camp your shoulders; go, break your swords, or bend them into hooks: fall on your knees, and when our captain comes, we will give him to the king, to make you friends.' By the Great Jupiter! these tall fellows all gave up at a wink—a nod—and murdered precious liberty, after levelling her with the dust. But why do you weep? Captain, where's your tough heart now? I'll lend my handkerchief; be quick, for it's in use. Aye, gold, and want of honour did it. Curses be upon their heads, ten thousand for evermore!" After a long pause, Cleomene said, "Oh world, world, world?" and looking on his fellows, asked why they were there? He who had spoken replied with almost a sort of hysteric laugh, "Fate will have her joke—I came to die!" The second said, "The same, brave Dion! I have strained for one cause, and will crack in the losing on't. It was a good one, and I will be out of breath in it." The third said, "Ask me not, for we four brothers can understand by signs." It was an affecting spectacle, thus to witness and hear their love for one another, and their country. Cleomene folded them each in his arms, and blessed them in the great name of liberty, saying, "This is all I can;" and again repeating with new energy and feeling, "This is all I can." When his mind was a little calmed, he fell to deliberation, hoping to find some means by which to lift his standard once more. But it was in vain. Fortune seemed to spite him, though Fortune can only be a friend to the virtuous. In the evening he was carried before the king, who was fully aware of the nobleness of Cleomene's nature, and designed to sport with him. He attired him in the most ridiculous dress, but after exhausting every artifice of cunning and cruelty, and trifling with

his courtiers in jest, he said, "Cleomene, as a rebel to your anointed king, you are doomed to death; but as I know thee, thou man of valour rare, I will save thee on one condition. Barely say thou wilt live at peace, after falling prostrate at the throne, confessing thy crime, and then kiss the feet of each of these loyal subjects now before thee, who have thus set their country such an example of that loyalty in which thou art their dishonoured inferior, and I will then with my own hands undo those chains." This he did, not, as the reader will have already concluded, with a sincere desire to show mercy, his heart rejoicing all the time he was speaking in the prospect of glutting his revenge with his own eyes, but in hopes to add disgrace to death. His last words did not escape his lips, ere Cleomene replied, smiling with contempt, "Thou dost not know me, tyrant, or thou hadst not made so idle a request. Nay, no more talk; dispatch me in thy wrath. I tell thee, if I had thee thus, I would cut thy throat." The king rejoined, "For what dost thou despise my grace?" "For a word, merely," returned Cleomene. "I must hear it." "Thou darest not—The word is Liberty!" And they all four cried out "Liberty!" while they went out shouting from the royal presence as though on the battle-field, and though in chains, the whole assembly were awed by their daring. When they were gone, the king retired to feast, and caroused in joy at the end of the war, little thinking, like Belshazzar, of his approaching fate.

Soon after the prisoners had got to their cell, a messenger came with the warrant of death sealed in his hand, and commanded the three others to leave Cleomene in his cell; so that these brave champions of liberty were forced to part. They went away full of lamentable thoughts, and yet exulting and rejoicing. As Cleomene heard the last whisper of their foot-fall pass the vault, tears started involuntarily to his eyes; yet he knew not despair, for despair never enters the heart of the great and virtuous; it is the shadow of vice abandoned to callous impenitence, and its own remedyless disasters. He thought over all his battles, and felt a glow of rapture, though in a gloomy cell, at the thought of the past, which only brightened by the contrast of the present. He felt happier than the tyrant in his revel; yea, happier than any but himself could know. Though the butt of all mischance, he was great enough in his own virtue, and honour, and reliance on Heaven, to stride over fate; and thinking once more on the blessed cause, he fought his battles o'er again, as he clanked his chains, until leaving the past, and converting the future into the present, imagination played tricks on

sense and reason; he fancied that he and his comrades were dead, and wandering among the Elysian fields; he heard armies shouting his praises in ravishing music, and amongst radiant faces he distinguished those of his three comrades, with the same rough, honest features; and, so musing, he fell into a placid sleep.

If it is a joy to find a good man happy in this world, listen and rejoice with me.

When midnight came, he was awake by low and melancholy singing in his ear, and, raising his eyes, he beheld a figure and face of heavenly beauty, leaning over him. So strongly did this blend with his dream, that he was some time entranced, between sleep and wake, certainty and doubt; but when the hand of this beautiful woman fell upon his head, the vision of his dream was gone. She, sitting herself beside him, began, with actions full of grace, to comfort him, and bade him hope that he might live after sun-rise, for all the warrant of the king; while he, struck with the strangeness of the thing, sat looking and adoring by turns. Thus the time passed for some minutes—he ever craving his liberty, and she giving him hopes. When the morning came, the lady left his prison by the same pass she had entered, the secret of which yielded only to her knowledge. Cleomene's mind was filled with wonder at this circumstance, and his heart yearned with affection towards one (whoever she might be) that could visit him in his distress, and enter so ardently into the virtues of his cause. Above all, her face and manner were so pleasing to him, that the whole dwelt in his mind like a vision; but in the middle of his heart he nourished the hopes of escape once more to try his fortune with the tyrant.

Who was the lady that had so rivetted his admiration, fed his eyes in a dream of luxury, though short, yet heavenly sweet? It was no other than the eldest daughter of the king, and heirress to the throne. Neither she nor Cleomene had ever seen each other; but, being of a different nature to her father, she had long had a great affection for his nobleness and virtues, desiring nothing so much as to behold one so distinguished. She was a woman of deep sensibility—sympathised with his cause of liberty, and would have espoused it, but for some lurking of natural feeling towards her father. Since Cleomene had fallen into this misfortune, she determined to succour him, and went into his prison for that purpose. But after she had seen one equally distinguished for personal as mental attractions, her life, as well as his, was at stake; for she fell deeply in love with him, and saw nothing beyond this hope. When she had retired to her chamber, and was ruminating on the best

means to save his life, her women came running to her in great distress, crying that the king was dead. She flew to his chamber, and found him in the arms of his attendants, a hideous spectacle. Having determined to make the most of his victory, he had spared no luxury; and, not possessed of the least temperance in general, he now ate and drank so freely, as to cause a surfeit; and being left in bed by his attendants, he had shifted his head from the pillow, so that it hung down by the bed. The blood flowed from his head; his eyes became black, and started from their sockets; his cheeks blue and puffed up; his tongue swollen from beyond his teeth, and as black as ink. In vain they bled him and applied baths. He died like the violent beast he had lived, the victim of his own grossness—one of the thousand instances history furnishes of the debasing and demoralising influences of arbitrary power.

His daughter, who was equally shocked and miserable at the spectacle, buried her father in the same week, and then bethinking herself of the anxiety of Cleomene, sped to his cell, but did not communicate the intelligence of what had transpired. His penetrating eye soon discovered some sorrow—something preying on her sensitive heart, which he was too delicate to ask the cause of, but did all in his power to comfort her. Already melted into tenderness, and still further interested in and devoted to the once hapless captive, she said, "Cleomene, I have an offer to make to thee. There is nothing on earth thou desirest so much as thy liberty, and there is nothing on earth I desire so much as to be thy servant. If thou wilt take me for thy wife, thou art free; if not, thou art still free, only thou dost owe me thy love, which, if thou art long in paying, my heart will be bankrupt and broken." Here she paused tremulously and anxiously, and Cleomene replied, "Lady, I am neither blind nor ungrateful; for I see thy beauty—I feel thy love. I take thee at thy word, and will be dutiful to thy delicate affection. I ask not who thou art, for I feel full well thou art honourable." After a short pause, they parted, and she went half sorrowing, half exulting, to her council.

Three of the most influential nobles in the king's dominions, and who were of his friendship and principles, not knowing what would be the line of conduct adopted by the new sovereign, conspired together to deprive the young queen of her rights, and had already taken measures for such proceedings. Hearing this rumoured, and crediting the report, the young queen took a priest, went to Cleomene's prison, and married him. Afterwards, she told him who she was, and of the conspiracy against

the crown, saying, "Thy cause is once more in thy own hands: besides, thou art to struggle for a crown, and for me, thy wife. Therefore, by the loves of those people, of that country thou hast so long served, I conjure thee to be prompt and vigilant." She then led him forth, and conducted him out of the city. Having gathered arms, and secured all the money in the treasury, she retreated and joined her husband. The rebels knowing their power to be great, soon came out to meet Cleomene; and he, having disposed the strong posts in the hands of his true friends, joined battle with them. It was desperate and bloody, but not long, for Cleomene being able to rely upon his leaders and his men, fought so courageously as to slaughter most of his enemies, amongst whom were the rebel leaders. Thus he gained the reward of his merit—the long-hoped-for cause, a lovely woman, and a crown.

Let the reader learn from this historical narrative, that however heaven may delay, it never denies, the ultimate triumph of private and public virtue, and that heaven will not suffer its children to lie in the dust, and that

"Freedom's fight, when once begun,
Though battled oft, is ever won."

INTELLIGENCE AND UTILITY OF THE MULE.

This useful and hardy animal, is the offspring of the horse and the ass; and being barren, furnishes us with an indisputable proof that the two species are perfectly distinct. Nature has providently stopped the further propagation of these heterogeneous productions, to preserve uncontaminated the form of each animal; without which regulation, the races would, in a short time, be mixed with each other, and every creature, losing its original perfection, rapidly degenerate.

The common mule is very healthy, and will live above thirty years: it is found serviceable in carrying burdens, particularly in mountainous and stony places, where horses are not so sure footed. The size and strength of our breed has lately been much improved by the importation of Spanish male asses; and it were much to be wished that the useful qualities of this animal were more attended to; for by proper care in its breaking, its natural obstinacy would be in a great measure corrected, and it might be formed with success for the saddle, the draught, or the burden. In Spain, where people of the first quality are drawn by mules, it is not

uncommon to offer fifty or sixty guineas for one; nor is it surprising, when we consider how far they excel the horse in travelling in a mountainous country, the mule being able to tread securely, where the former can hardly keep their legs. The manner in which they descend the precipices of the Alps and other mountains, and the total absence of fear with which they accomplish it, is very extraordinary, and with it we will conclude their history.

In the passages of the mountains, on one side are steep eminences, and on the other frightful abysses; and as they generally follow the direction of the mountain, the road, instead of lying in a level, forms at every little distance steep declivities, of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by mules; and the animal itself seems sensible of the danger, and the caution that is to be used in such descents. When they come to the edge of one of them, they stop without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempt to spur them on, they continue immovable. They seem all the time ruminating on the danger which lies before them, and preparing themselves for the encounter. They not only attentively view the road, but tremble, and snort at the danger. Having prepared for the descent, they place their fore feet in a posture, as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were going to lie down. In this attitude, having taken as it were a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the mean time, all the rider has to do, is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equilibrium of the mule; in which case, they both unavoidably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly admirable; for, in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the road, as if they had previously settled in their minds the road they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety. In this journey, the natives place themselves along the sides of the mountains, and holding by the roots of the trees, animate the beasts with shouts, and encourage them to persevere. Some mules after being long used to these journies, acquire a kind of reputation for their skill and safety; and their value rises in proportion to their fame.

A. S. W. L.

RUMBOLD, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Indefatigable as our novelists and playwrights of late years have been in seeking for heroes in the *Neuigate Calendar*, though Turpin, Wall, Eugene Aram, and Jack Sheppard have been recalled from the gallows and the grave, to become the life of the circulating library, and the stage, we do not remember, that Thomas Rumbold, who flourished, or rather who faded, about the time of the Revolution, as he was hanged at Tyburn, in the year 1689, has as yet been used. The scenes in which he was engaged, however, were not less stirring and remarkable than those of the culprits just named. Some of them remind us of the adventures of the robbers in *Gil Blas*, and though true, have about them the extravagance of romance. We submit a specimen.

As Rumbold was riding along the road, he met a country girl with a milkpail on her head, with whose beauty and symmetry of shape he was greatly taken. Having entered into conversation, Rumbold alighted, and, excusing himself for the freedom, sat beside her while she milked the cows. Pleased with each other's company, they made an assignation the same evening: our adventurer was to come to her father's house at a late hour, and pretending to have lost his road, solicit a night's lodging. The plan was accordingly followed out; but they were disappointed in each other's society that evening, for some one of the family kept astrir all night. Determining, however, not to leave his fair convert, he pretended in the morning to be taken dangerously ill, and the good farmer rode off immediately for medical assistance. All the power of surgery, however, could not discover his ailment. The farmer kindly insisted upon his remaining where he was until he should recover, to which he, with great professions of gratitude, assented. Completely overpowered by such generosity, Rumbold wished to make some apparent return; and borrowing a name, told him he was a bachelor of property in a certain county; that he had hitherto remained secure against the attacks of beauty, but that he now was vanquished by the attractions of his daughter, and hoped, if the girl had no objection, that a proposal of marriage would not be unacceptable to the family. The farmer, in his turn, overcome by such a mark of condescension, expressed himself highly gratified by the proposal; and, upon communicating it to the family, all were agreeable, and none more so than the girl. The idea of adding gentility to the fortune which the farmer intended for his daughter, quite elated him, and made him extremely anxious to gain the favour of the suitor. Rumbold followed out the design, and his

endearments with the daughter were thus more frequent than he expected. His principal design was to sift the girl as to the quantity of money her father had in the house, and where it lay; but he was chagrined when informed that there were only a few pounds; for that a few days before they met, her father had made a great purchase, which took all his ready money. Seeing, now, that there was no chance of gleaning her father's harvest, he resolved to leave the family, and, accordingly, one evening took his march secretly, leaving the girl a present of twenty pieces of gold, inclosed in a copy of verses.

He proceeded on the road, and met with no person worthy his notice until the following day, when a singular occurrence happened to him. Passing by a small coppice between two sand hills, a gentleman, as he supposed, darted out upon him, and commanded him to stand and deliver. Rumbold requested him to have patience, and he would surrender all his property; when putting his hand in his pocket, he drew a pistol, and fired at his opponent without the shot taking effect. "If you are for sport!" cried the other, "you shall have it!" and instantly shot him slightly in the thigh; and at the same moment drawing his sword, he cut Rumbold's reins at one blow; thus rendering him unable to manage his horse. Rumbold fired his remaining pistol, and again missed his adversary, but shot his horse dead. Thus dismounted, the gentleman made a thrust at him with his sword, which, missing Rumbold, penetrated his horse, and brought them once more upon an equal footing. After hard fighting on both sides, our adventurer overthrew his adversary, bound him hand and foot, and proceeded to his more immediate object of rifling. Upon opening his coat, he was amazed to discover he had been fighting with a woman. Raising her up in his arms, he exclaimed, "Pardon me, most courageous Amazon for thus rudely dealing with you: it was nothing but ignorance that caused this error; for could my dim-sighted soul have distinguished what you were, the great love and respect I bear your sex would have deterred me from contending with you: but I esteem this ignorance of mine as the greatest happiness, since knowledge, in this case, might have deprived me of the opportunity of knowing there could be so much valour in a woman. For your sake, I shall for ever retain a very high esteem for the worst of females." The Amazon replied, that this was neither a place nor opportunity for eloquent speeches, but that, if he felt no reluctance, she would conduct him to a more appropriate place; to which he readily assented. They entered a dark wood, and, following the winding of

several obscure passages, arrived at a house upon which, apparently, the sun had not been accustomed to shine. A number of servants appeared, and bustled about their lady, whose disguise was familiar to them; but they were astonished to see her return on foot, attended by a stranger. Being conducted into an elegant apartment, and having been refreshed by whatever the house afforded, they became very familiar, and Rumbold pressed his companion to relate her history, which, with great frankness, she did in the following words:—

"I cannot, sir, deny your request, since we seem to have formed a friendship which, I hope, will turn out to our mutual advantage. I am the daughter of a sword-cutter: in my youth my mother would have taught me to handle a needle, but my martial spirit gainsaid all persuasions to that end. I never could bear to be among the utensils of the kitchens, but was constantly in my father's shop, and took wonderful delight in handling the warlike instruments he made; to take a sharp and well-mounted sword in my hand, and brandish it, was my chief recreation. Being about twelve years of age, I studied by every means possible how I might form an acquaintance with a fencing-master. Time brought my desires to an accomplishment; for such a person came into my father's shop to have a blade furbished, and it so happened that there was none to answer him but myself. Having given him the satisfaction he desired, though he did not expect it from me, among other questions I asked him if he was not a professor of the noble science of self-defence, which I was pretty sure of from his postures, looks, and expressions. He answered in the affirmative, and I informed him I was glad of the opportunity, and begged him to conceal my intention, while I requested he would instruct me in the art of fencing. At first, he seemed amazed at my proposal; but, perceiving I was resolved in good earnest, he granted my request, and appointed a time which he could conveniently allot to that purpose. In a short time I became so expert at back-sword and single rapier, that I no longer required his assistance, and my parents never once discovered this transaction.

"I shall waive the exploits I did by the help of my disguise, and only tell you that, when I reached the age of fifteen, an innkeeper married me, and carried me into the country. For two years we lived peaceably and comfortably together; but at length the violent and impetuous temper of my husband called my natural humour into action. Once a week we seldom missed a combat, which generally proved very sharp, especially on the head of the poor innkeeper; the gaping wounds of our discontent were not easily salved, and they

in a manner became incurable. I was not much inclined to love him, because he was a man of mean and dastardly spirit. Being likewise stinted in cash, my life grew altogether comfortless, and I looked on my condition as altogether insupportable; and, as a means of mitigating my troubles, I was compelled to adopt the resolution of borrowing a purse occasionally. I judged this resolution safe enough, if I were not detected in the very act; for who could suspect me to be a robber, wearing abroad, man's apparel, but at home a dress suitable to my sex? Besides, no one could procure better information, or had more frequent opportunities than myself: for, keeping an inn, who could ascertain what booty their guests carried with them better than their landlady?

"As you can vouch, sir, I knew myself not to be destitute of courage; what, then, could hinder me from entering on such enterprises? Having thus resolved, I soon provided myself with the necessary habiliments for my scheme, carried it into immediate execution, and continued with great success, never having failed till now. Instead of riding to market, or travelling five or six miles about some piece of business (the usual pretences with which I blinded my husband), I would, when out of sight, take the road to the house in which we now are, where I metamorphosed myself, and proceeded to the road in search of prey. Not long since, my husband had one hundred pounds due to him about twenty miles from home, and appointed a certain day for receiving it. Glad I was to hear of this, and instantly resolved to be revenged on him for all the injuries and churlish outrages he had committed against me; I knew very well the way he went, and understood the time he intended to return. I waylaid him, and had not to wait above three hours, when my lord and master made his appearance, whistling with joy at his heavy purse. I soon made him change the tune to a more doleful ditty in lamentations of his bad fortune. I permitted him to pass, but soon overtook him, and keeping close by him for a mile or two, at length found the coast clear, and, riding up and seizing his bridle, presented a pistol at his breast, and in a hoarse voice demanded his purse, else he was a dead man. This imperious don, seeing death before his face, had nearly saved me the trouble by dying without compulsion; and so terrified did he appear, that he looked more like an apparition than any thing human. 'Sirrah,' said I, 'be expeditious; but a dead palsy had so seized every part of him, that his eyes were incapable of directing his hands to his pockets. I soon recalled his spirits by two or three sharp blows with the flat of my sword, which

speedily weakened him, and, with great trembling and submission he resigned his money. After I had dismounted him, cut his horse's reins and saddle-girths, beat him most soundly, and dismissed him, saying: 'Now, you rogue, I am even with you; have a care, the next time you strike a woman (your wife, I mean), for none but such as dare not fight a man, will lift up his hand against the weaker vessel. Now you see what it is to provoke them, for, if once irritated, they are restless till they accomplish their revenge to their satisfaction: I have a good mind to end your wicked courses with your life, inhuman varlet, but I am loath to be hanged for nothing, I mean for such a worthless fellow as you are. Farewell! this money shall serve me to purchase wine to drink a toast to the confusion of all such rascally and mean-spirited things!' I then left him, and—"

This extraordinary character was about to proceed with the narration of her exploits, when the servant announced the arrival of two gentlemen; our heroine left the room, and returning with her friends, apologised to our adventurer for the interruption, but hoped he would not find the company of her companions disagreeable, whom he soon discovered to be likewise females in disguise. The conversation now became general, and, upon condition of Rumbold stopping all night with them, the Amazon promised to finish her adventures the next day. This accorded with the wishes of Rumbold; and when they retired to rest, he found the same room destined for them all. His curiosity was, however, overcome by his covetousness; for, rising early next morning, and finding all his companions asleep, he rifled their pockets of a considerable quantity of gold, and decamped with great expedition, thus disappointing the reader in the continuation of a narrative almost incredible from its singularity.

Our adventurer frequently observed a goldsmith in Lombard-street, counting large bags of gold, and he became very desirous to have a share of the glittering hoard. He made several unsuccessful attempts; but having in his possession many rings which he had procured in the way of his profession, he dressed himself in the habit of a countryman, attended by a servant, and going to the goldsmith's shop, proposed to sell one of these rings. The goldsmith, perceiving it to be a diamond of considerable value, and, from the appearance of Rumbold, supposing he was ignorant of its real worth, after examining it, with some hesitation estimated its value at ten pounds. To convince the countryman that this was its full value, he showed him a diamond ring, very superior in quality, which he would sell him for twenty pounds.

Rumbold took the goldsmith's ring to compare with his own, and fully acquainted with its value, informed him that he had come to sell, but that it was a matter of small importance whether he purchased or sold. He accordingly pulled out a purse of gold, and laid down the twenty pounds for the ring. The goldsmith stormed and raged, crying that he had cheated him, and insisted on having back his ring. Rumbold, however, kept hold of his bargain, and replied that he had offered him the ring for twenty pounds; that he had a witness to his bargain; there was his money, and he hoped that he would give him a proper exchange for his gold.

The goldsmith's indignation increasing at the prospect of parting with his ring, he carried the matter before a justice. Being plaintiff, he began his tale by informing the magistrate that "the countryman had taken a diamond ring from him, worth a hundred pounds, and would give him but twenty pounds for it." "Have a care," said Rumbold, "for if you charge me with taking a ring from you, which is, in other words, stealing, I shall vex you more than I have yet done." He then told the magistrate the whole story, and produced his servant as a witness to the bargain. The goldsmith now became infuriated, exclaiming that "he believed the country gentleman and his servant were both impostors and cheats!" Rumbold said, "He would do well to take care not to make his cause worse; that he was a gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum; and that, being desirous to sell a ring at its just price, to the goldsmith, the latter endeavoured to cheat him, by estimating it far below its value." The magistrate, therefore, decided in favour of Rumbold, appointing him to pay only the twenty pounds in gold, without any change.

THE MARTYR OF THE PRESENT.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

Macbeth, with a melancholy prescience discourses beautifully of "to-morrow," but his touching philosophy is lost upon the slaves of "to-day." It is common enough to call those persons voluptuaries, who look to the coming time, and make preparation against the future, taking them by surprise; in how far higher a degree does the imputation of a foolish dreamer rest upon the unstable voluptuary, who, lost in the sensual delights of the present, bids the morrow take heed after itself, summing up the epicurean wisdom, with that thriftless proverb—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The martyr of the present runs a career wherein there is little to envy—its dawn, ruinous self-indulgence; its twilight, mis-

anthropy, that worst excrescence of a selfish mind. For him to-day is all-in-all; to secure present gratification, he is content to sacrifice every future advantage. Wealth, in the hands of such a being, is converted into a weapon of self-destruction; it is the current which hurries the victim into the whirlpool of dissipation, beneath whose dark waves he is overwhelmed; it is a power which he renders the instrument of folly, not the minister of good; it waits upon his passions and his tastes, his sloth and his vanities. He exhibits all the improvidence of a summer insect, but not a touch of its temperance. So limited is his sphere of vision, that he cannot conceive it possible that riches may be exhausted, or life terminated. And thus, without entertaining one thought for the future, unlighted by one spark of noble ambition, dishonouring in himself the image of his Maker, he degenerates into an object, avoided by the good, and secretly despised by the bad.

Grey hairs are said to be a crown of glory to the aged; they are, indeed, a diadem to those who have grown old in the practice of virtue, but, on the hoary head of vice, who, as it has advanced in years, has receded from honour, the snows of time are a badge of infamy. The *rowé*, whom late we recognised as a heartless Sybarite, presents a new phase of character, as years creep upon him. As hopeless were the task to re-kindle the extinct fires of a volcano, as for age to preserve, intact from decay, the passions and tastes of youth; and, no longer able to gratify these, the temperament of the veteran rake grows sour. And, with reduced means, there is a correspondingly falling-off of respect among his quondam associates, and the once ready pander to his extravagance. Thus the martyr of the present turns misanthropical, and, his self-pride wounded, he declaims against the licentiousness of the age. Still true to his original text, he remains the votary of to-day, and shines the star of a little nucleus of unbelievers, preferring the odious and insincere adulation of an hour to that eternal passport to salvation—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Meet climax to a youth of profligacy is a senility of atheism. And so he totters downward to the house appointed for all the living, untouched by one holy aspiration for a better life beyond the grave. Recognising no kind providence that watches over the future, but worshipping only self as the incarnation of to-day, full of years, and full of sins, the wretch expires, and "makes no sign." And the turf, beneath whose arid surface the voluptuary sleeps, is never watered by the dews of charity, for though many shudder, none weep over the grave of the "martyr of the present."

THE NOBLE FAMILY OF ONSLOW



Arms.—Az., a fesse gu., between six Cornish choughs, ppr.

Crest.—An eagle, az., preying upon a partridge, or. *Supporters.*—Two falcons, close, ppr., legged and belled, or.

Mottos.—"Festina lente" and "Sempe Adelle." "Forward with caution," and "Always faithful."

The Onslow family may claim the singular honour of having given three speakers to the House of Commons. The family was settled in Shropshire, and had extensive possessions there in the time of Henry III. It took its surname from the lordship of Ondeslow, as it appears in Domesday book, now written Onslow, situated within the liberty of the town of Shrewsbury. Roger Onslow, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, married Mary, daughter of Thomas Payne, esq., by whom he had two sons, of whom one named Fulk, was clerk of the parliament; and Richard Onslow, his brother, a barrister-at-law, became recorder of the city of London, attorney-general of the duchy of Lancaster, solicitor-general and speaker of the House of Commons. The convent of Blackfriars was granted to him. He married Catherine, daughter and heir of Richard Harding, esq., of Knoll, in Surrey. He died in 1571, and was succeeded by his eldest son, who dying unmarried, the estates passed to his brother, sir Edward Onslow, who married the daughter of Thomas Shirley, knt., of Preston Place, in Surrey. On his death he was succeeded by his eldest son, who, died unmarried, when the estates went to his brother, sir Richard Onslow. He was opposed to the measures of Charles I; and, in 1657, was one of the select committee which waited on Cromwell to remove his scruples about taking the crown, when sir Richard made a very remarkable speech in favour of his doing so. Subsequently he contributed to the restoration of Charles II, and sat for the town of Guildford in the convention by which that prince was received. He married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Arthur Strangeways, esq., of the county of Durham, by whom, with other issue, he had sir Arthur, who suc-

ceeded him. Sir Arthur sat for Bramber during Cromwell's time, and continued to do so after the restoration. He married the daughter and co-heir of alderman sir Thomas Foot, knt., of the city of London. By that lady he had two sons, Richard and Foot. The latter became the father of Arthur Onslow, who, in 1736, was elected speaker of the House of Commons, which high office he held till March, 1761. Sir Arthur being succeeded, on his death, by his son sir Richard, who sat in the convention parliament for Surrey, and was chosen speaker of the House of Commons, in 1708. On the accession of George I, sir Richard was named one of the lords of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. He was elevated to the peerage June 25, 1716, by the title of baron Onslow, of Onslow, in the county of Salop, and of Clandon, in the county of Surrey. He married Elizabeth, daughter of sir Henry Tulse, knt., lord mayor of London. He died December 5, 1717, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who died in 1740, and was succeeded by his only son Richard. He died without issue, when the title and estates devolved upon his cousin George, son of the distinguished speaker of the House of Commons, mentioned above as the son of Foot Onslow. He had been raised to the peerage himself as baron Cranley, of Imber Court. He married, in 1753, Henrietta, daughter of sir J. Shelley, bart. His lordship was created, June 19, 1801, viscount Cranley, of Cranley; and earl of Onslow. He died May 17, 1814, and was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas, second earl, who represented Guildford from 1784 to 1807. He married first, December 29, 1776, Arabella, second daughter and co-heir of Eaton Mainwaring Ellerker, esq., Risley Park, in the county of York, by whom he had issue—three sons and a daughter. He was again married, February 13, 1783, to Charlotte, daughter of William Hale, esq., of King's Walden, Herts., and relict of Thomas Duncombe, esq., of Duncombe Park, and had by her a daughter. He died February 2, 1827, when he was succeeded by his eldest son Arthur George, the present peer, who was born October 25, 1777, and married July 21, 1818, to Mary, eldest daughter of George Fludyres, esq., of Asyton, in the county of Rutland, who died March 1, 1830, by whom he has issue—a son and a daughter.

OLD RENAULT AND JAFFIER.

The powerfully written play of "Venice Preserved" has long kept the stage. Not denying its great merit as a drama, Otway did great injustice to two brave men, Renault and Jaffier, who acted conspicu-

ous parts in that conspiracy, on which the tragedy is founded. Renault, instead of being the pusillanimous wretch who

"Feared to die, and yet dared talk of killing,"

was brave and devoted throughout, and Jaffier, though he was the means of causing the plot to fail, does not appear to have acted from the motives given to him in the play.

In a "history of the conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republic of Venice, in the year MDCXVIII," we find Nicholas Renault, described as an old French gentleman of knowledge and good sense, who had a higher value for virtue than for riches, but was fonder of glory than virtue. He was engaged by the marquis of Bedmar, with one James Peter, a piratical captain, who had a high character for bravery and humanity, and had been so fortunate in his adventures, that in the very flower of his age he was able to retire on a fortune. This person introduced Anthony Jaffier to the conspirators. Their plans were well laid, and most extensive, and apparently certain to succeed. The general orders for carrying their design into effect as prepared by the Marquis, the captain, and Renault, ran thus:—

"As soon as it shall be night, those of the thousand soldiers who shall come without arms, shall go and arm themselves at the ambassador's house. Five hundred shall repair to the place of St. Mark with the captain, the best part of the other five hundred shall go and join Renault, in the neighbourhood of the arsenal, and the rest shall seize all the barks, gondolas, and other the like carriages which shall be found at the bridge Rialto, with which they shall fetch with all haste about a thousand soldiers more of the troops of Lievestein, which are still at the Lazaretto. During this they shall deport themselves as peaceably as they can, that they may not be obliged to declare themselves, till these troops shall be arrived. However if they should be obliged to it, and anything should be discovered, the captain shall intrench himself within the place of Saint Mark, and Renault shall seize the arsenal in the manner which shall be represented; then two great guns shall be fired to serve as signal to the brigantines of the duke of Ossuna, which shall be ready to enter Venice; and the Spaniards, whom they shall bring, shall supply the want of the Walloons who shall be sent for. If there be no necessity to declare during this, when the Walloons shall be landed at the place of St. Mark, the captain shall take five hundred of them, with the other five hundred men he shall have already, and the serjeant-major Duran to command them. They shall begin by drawing up those

thousand men in order of battle in the place; then the captain, with two hundred whom he shall take, shall make himself master of the ducal-palace, and especially of the room of arms that is there, to supply those of his men who shall want any, and to hinder the enemies from making use of them: one hundred others, under bribe, shall possess themselves of the Secque, and one hundred more under Brainville of the Procuraty, by the help of some men who shall be artfully introduced there into the belfry in the day time. This last hundred shall remain in a corps de guard in the belfry so long as the execution shall last, that the alarm-bell may not be rung. Possession shall be taken of the entrance of all the streets which lead to the place, by another corps de guard; and artillery shall be planted there facing to the street, and till some can be had from the arsenal, some of those shall be taken which are ready mounted before the house of the Council of Ten which is hard by, and which it will be no difficult matter to seize. In all those places which shall be thus secured, and in which a corps de guard shall be kept, they shall poniard all they find; and during these different executions round the place, the serjeant-major shall remain still in order of battle in the middle, with the rest of the troops. All this shall be done with the least noise that may be; afterwards they shall begin to declare themselves by petarding the gate of the arsenal. At the report of which the eight conspirators who have drawn the plan thereof, and shall be within, shall set fire to the four corners with fire-works, which, as well as the petards, are prepared for this purpose at the ambassador's palace, and they shall poniard the chief commanders. It will be easy for them to do it in the confusion which the fire and the noise of the petards will occasion, especially those commanders not having any suspicion of them. They shall then join Renault when he shall have entered, and make an end of killing all they find, and the soldiers shall carry artillery to all the places, where it shall be proper to plant some, as at the Arena de Mari, at the Fontego de Tedeschi, at the magazines of salt, on the belfry of the Procuraty, on the bridge of Rialto, and other eminencies, from whence the town may be battered into rubbish in case of resistance. At the same time that Renault shall petard the arsenal, the captain shall force the prison of St. Mark, and shall arm the prisoners; the principal senators shall be killed, and suborned persons shall go and set fire to above forty places of the town, the farthest distant one from another that is possible, that so the confusion may be the greater. In the mean while the Spaniards

from the duke of Ossuna, having heard the signal which shall be given them, as soon as the arsenal is seized, shall come and land also at the place of Saint Mark, and immediately disperse themselves in the principal quarters of the town, as that St. George, that of the Jews, and others, under the conduct of the other nine chief conspirators. The cry shall be nothing but Liberty, and after all these things are executed, leave shall be given to plunder, but not the strangers; it shall be prohibited to take anything from them under pain of death, and no further slaughter shall be made but of those who shall resist."

They met at the house of a Grecian woman. Everything went well till the night before the intended outbreak, when old Renault addressed a speech to his assembled friends, in which he said:—

"We have infallible ways to introduce ten thousand armed men into a town which has not two hundred to oppose us; the plunder of which will unite to us all the strangers whom curiosity or trade has drawn thither; and even the people thereof will help us to strip the great ones, by whom they have been so often stripped, as soon as they shall see it safe to do so: the best ships belonging to the fleet are in our interest, and the others carry in them at present what will reduce them to ashes: the arsenal, the wonder of Europe, and the terror of Asia, is within a small matter already in our power: the nine gallant men who are here present, and who have been ready these six months past to possess themselves of it, have taken their measures well, during this delay, that they run no hazard in answering for the success with their heads. If we had neither the troops of the Lazaretto, nor those on terra firma, nor the little fleet of Elliot to support us, nor the twenty Venetian ships of our comrade, nor the large ships of the duke of Ossuna, nor the Spanish army in Lombardy, we should be strong enough, with our intelligence, and the thousand men which we have: yet all these different succours, I have named, are so disposed, that each of them might fall without doing the least prejudice to the rest; they may help one another, but they cannot hurt one another: it is almost impossible they should not all succeed, and yet one of them all is sufficient. If after taking all the precautions which human prudence can suggest, one may make a judgment of the success fortune intends us; what tokens can there be of her favour, which are not inferior to those we have? certainly, my friends, they are miraculous: it is a thing without parallel in history, that an enterprise of this nature has been discovered in part without being entirely lost; and ours has been a proof against five accidents, the least of which,

in all human appearance, ought to have overthrown it. Who would not have thought, that the ruin of Spinoza, who was projecting the same thing as we, should not likewise have proved ours? That the dismissing the troops of Lievestein, which were all devoted to us, should not have divulged what we kept secret? That the dispersion of the little fleet should not have broken all our measures, and produced many fresh inconveniences? That the discovery at Crema, and at Maran, should not necessarily draw after it the detection of the whole scheme? Yet all these things had no consequences; the traces were not followed, which would have led up to us; no advantage was made of light they gave: did ever so profound a tranquillity succeed so great a confusion? the senate, as we are faithfully informed, the senate, I say, is in a perfect security; our good destiny has blinded the most clear-sighted of all men, encouraged the most timorous, lulled asleep the most suspicious, and confounded the most subtle and discerning. We are still alive, my dear friends, and are more powerful than we were before these disasters: they have only served to prove our constancy; we still live, and our lives shall soon be fatal to the tyrants of this place. So extraordinary and invincible a happiness must be preternatural, and have we not ground to presume it is the work of some power more than human? and in truth, my companions, what is there upon earth, that is worthy the protection of heaven, if what we are doing is not? We are about destroying the most horrible of all governments: we are about restoring wealth to all the poor subjects of this state, from whom the avarice of the nobles would ravish it eternally without us; we shall save the honour of all the women, which might one day be born under their domination, with beauty enough to please them; we shall restore life to an infinite number of wretches, whom their cruelty has in its power to sacrifice to their least resentment, for the smallest matters. In a word, we shall punish them who most deserve it of all mankind; and who are equally polluted with the crimes which nature abhors, and those which she cannot suffer without blushing. Let us not then be afraid to take the sword in one hand, and the torch in the other, to exterminate these wretches; and when we shall behold these palaces, where impiety is on the throne, burning with a fire which is rather the fire of heaven than ours; these tribunals which have been so often sullied with the tears and substance of the innocent, consumed by the devouring flames; the furious soldier drawing out his reeking hands from the body of the wicked; death ranging through every

quarter; and whatever hideous spectacle the darkness of the night and military licence are capable of producing; let us then remember, my dear friends, that there is nothing completely pure among men, that the most commendable actions are subject to the greatest inconveniences, and in short, that instead of the various furies which laid waste this unhappy land, the disorders of the approaching night are the only means to establish peace, innocence, and liberty, there for ever."

The relation proceeds:—

"This discourse was received by the whole assembly with complaisance which men usually have for sentiments agreeable to their own. However Renault, who had observed their countenances, remarked that Jaffier, one of the captain's best friends, had fallen, all on a sudden, from an extreme attention into an inquietude which he strove in vain to hide, and that there still remained in his eyes an air of astonishment and sadness, which expressed a mind seized with horror. Renault spoke of it to the captain, who made a jest of it at first; but having viewed Jaffier for some time, he was almost of the same opinion. Renault, who perfectly understood the relations and necessary connections between the most secret motions of the mind, and the lightest external demonstrations which slip from it, when a man is in any agitation of thought, having maturely examined what had appeared to him in Jaffier's looks, thought himself obliged to declare to the captain, that he did not believe he was to be depended on. The captain, who knew Jaffier to be one of the bravest men in the world, accused him of judging precipitately, and beyond reason; but Renault, persisting to justify his suspicion, laid the grounds and the consequences of it before him so clearly, that if the captain was not touched by them as deeply, he was convinced, at least, that Jaffier ought to be watched. However, he represented to Renault, that if even Jaffier should be staggered, which he could not imagine, he had not time enough left betwixt then and to-morrow night to deliberate how to betray them, and to take a resolution thereon; but let it be as it would, in the present posture of affairs, there was no time to form new measures, and that it was a risk which must be run, either willingly or by force. Renault replied, there was one sure way not to be exposed to it, and that was to poniard Jaffier themselves that night. The captain remained silent a while at that proposition; but at last he made answer, that he could not resolve to kill the best friend he had upon a bare suspicion; that the action might be attended with several ill consequences; that he was

afraid it might startle their companions, and render them odious to them, and make them believe they affected a sort of empire over them, and pretended to be sovereign arbiters of their life and death; that there was no room to hope, they would apprehend the necessity of destroying Jaffier as well as themselves; and not apprehending it, each conspirator would with grief behold his life exposed to the first imagination of that nature they might entertain of him; that when men's minds are in a vehement motion, a small matter may give them a wrong turn, and the least alteration they should make in that state, is always of mighty moment, because they can take none but extreme resolutions; that if they were to conceal the manner how Jaffier came to disappear among them, it was still more to be feared the company would believe he was discovered and fled, or else was a prisoner, or a traitor; and that whatever pretence they invented, his absence on the evening before the execution, he having so great a share therein as he ought to have, could not but intimidate them, and suggest to them melancholy thoughts."

Untoward events suddenly mar the hopes of the marquis and his friends. Renault is called away at the last moment. He goes and leaves Jaffier in his place, by whom, as in the play, the secret is discovered, on the condition that the conspirators, twenty-two in number, whom he names, shall be spared. The explanation given of his conduct is this:—

"The description Renault had given of the night of the execution in the conclusion of his harangue had struck him to such a degree, that he could not moderate his pity. His imagination improved that picture; and represented to him exactly, and in the most lively colours, all the cruelties and injustices which are inevitable on such occasions. From that moment he heard nothing on all sides, but the cries of children trampled under foot, the groans of aged men in murdering, and the shrieks of women ravished; he saw nothing but palaces tumbling down, churches on fire, and holy places defiled with blood. Venice the sad, the deplorable Venice, presented itself everywhere before his eyes, no longer triumphant as formerly over the Ottoman power, and the pride of Spain, but in ashes, or in irons, and more drenched in the blood of its inhabitants, than in the waters which encompass it. This dismal image pursues him night and day, solicits him, presses him, staggers him; he in vain endeavours to drive it away, it is more obstinate than all the furies, possesses him in the midst of his repasts, disturbs his repose, and even mingles itself in his dreams."

As in the tragedy, the senate violate the

oath by which they had bound themselves, and the conspirators are executed. Renault and Jaffier die with brave determination. The details will be given in another number.

The Wandering Jew

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER VI.—THE POISONER.

A few retrospective lines are necessary before narrating the events relating to the Abbé d'Aigrigny, whose cry of distress at the moment of Jacques Rennepeot's decease, had so alarmed Morok.

We have said that the most absurd and alarming rumours were circulated in Paris; for not only was it said, that the public fountains and the sick were poisoned, but it was added that some wretches had been detected throwing arsenic in the tankards which usually stand on the counters of the wine merchants. Goliath, who was to return to Morok, after having carried the message to d'Aigrigny, entered a wine shop, and, after he had drunk two glasses of wine, he paid for them. While he was waiting for his change, he accidentally placed his hand on the mouth of a tankard that was standing within his reach. His large stature, and his savage and repulsive gestures, had already disquieted the tavern keeper, who had heard of the rumour respecting the poisoners; but when he saw Goliath place his hand on the mouth of the tankard, he cried out, in great alarm, "Mon Dieu! you have just thrown something into that tankard!"

On hearing this, two or three persons ran up to the counter,—one of whom exclaimed, "He is a poisoner!"

Goliath, ignorant of the reports that were abroad, did not understand this accusation; and, relying on his strength, he shrugged up his shoulders in disdain, and asked for his change.

"Rascal!" cried one of the company, with such violence, that several passengers stopped; "you shall have your change, when you have told us what you have thrown into the tankard."

"What! has he thrown something into the tankard?" cried one.

"Perhaps he is a poisoner!" ejaculated another.

"He must be arrested," added a third.

The clamour that was now arisen

soon swelled the crowd. Goliah's accuser, thinking that his suspicion was just, laid hold of the giant, who, irritated at the abuse he had received, and yielding to his natural brutality, knocked down his assailant, and then made off in the direction of the Place Notre Dame, whither he was pursued by the crowd, crying out, "Stop the poisoner!"

A butcher's lad, who was passing, hearing this cry, threw his basket between Goliah's feet, which tripped him up, then rushed upon him, crying—"Help! help! he is a poisoner!"

The crowd which was thronging at the entrance of the Hotel Dieu, among whom were Ciboule and the quarryman, now ran to witness this contest, and the pursuers of the pretended poisoner arrived at the same time in the Place Notre Dame. Goliah, feeling that he was lost, if he did not rid himself of his adversary, struck a furious blow, which broke the jaw of the butcher, and succeeded in getting away from him. But the mob, by this time, had surrounded him on all sides, whose wrath was excited by the agonising cries of the butcher. This was a terrible moment for Goliah, who, alone in the midst of a circle, which was momentarily increasing, saw his enraged enemies rush upon him with cries of death. Seeing that flight was impossible, he placed himself in a defensive posture. Ciboule now threw one of her wooden shoes at the head of the giant with so much vigour and dexterity, that it struck him in the eye, which it started from its socket. Goliah, in agony, raised his hands to his face, and uttered a cry.

"I have made him squint," said Ciboule, laughing.

Goliah, furious with pain, instead of awaiting the onset of his assailants, rushed madly on those within his reach. Such a struggle was too unequal to last long, but despair doubling the strength of the giant, the combat was terrible. For some minutes he was almost entirely hidden by a swarm of his assailants; his herculean arm was now seen raised aloft, and now descending on the heads of his foes like a sledge hammer, but the quarryman having reached the scene of action, Goliah was at last overturned. A loud and savage shout announced his fall. Then commenced one of those scenes of barbarity worthy of cannibals. A hundred arms were raised against him, and he was beaten and trampled under foot, amid savage shouts of "Death to the poisoner." A frightful incident now occurred. Goliah, his face bruised and covered with mud, his clothes in disorder, his breast naked and bleeding, profiting from the lassitude of his torturers, who thought he was dead, succeeded in raising himself on his legs by one of those

convulsive movements so frequent in extreme agony; then, blinded by his wounds, and moving his arms as if to defend himself, he muttered these words, while the blood gushed from his mouth, "Mercy! mercy! I am not a poisoner!"

This species of resurrection produced an instantaneous effect on the crowd, and for a moment all recoiled in terror, except the quarryman, who, by a violent kick in the stomach, knocked down his victim, whose head fell on the pavement. At this moment, the Abbé d'Aigrigny, who was struggling through the crowd, cried out, "Stop! stop! he is innocent. Cowards! assassins! you shall answer for his life."

"You know this poisoner," said the quarryman, seizing the Jesuit by the collar; "perhaps you are also a poisoner."

"Wretch!" cried d'Aigrigny, "take your hand away."

The Jesuit freed himself from the grasp of the quarryman, but in the struggle, a bottle, filled with a greenish liquor, fell from his pocket, and rolled near the body of Goliah. The quarryman seized the bottle, and uncorking it, said to d'Aigrigny, "What is this?"

"It is not poison," replied the Jesuit.

"Then drink it," said the quarryman.

"No," said d'Aigrigny, pushing the bottle away from him.

"It is poison! he dare not drink it!" cried the crowd.

The bottle contained highly volatised salts, as dangerous to drink as poison.

"If you do not drink," said the quarryman, "you shall die like your companion, for you are a poisoner of the people."

"To drink that is death!" cried d'Aigrigny.

"Listen," shouted the crowd, "he confesses it is poison."

"Ciboule," said the quarryman, seizing d'Aigrigny by the throat, "punish that one while I commence with this."

Two parties were now formed, one of which, headed by Ciboule, dispatched Goliah, and then threw him into the river.

The fearful cry, which had alarmed Morok, was raised by d'Aigrigny at the moment when the quarryman seized him, saying to Ciboule, as he pointed to the expiring Goliah, "Finish that one while I begin with this."

CHAPTER VII.—THE CATHEDRAL.

Night had nearly set in when the mutilated corpse of Goliah was thrown into the river. D'Aigrigny succeeded in disengaging himself from the powerful grasp of the quarryman, and retreated slowly before the crowd, endeavouring to ward

off the blows that were aimed at him, until he came to a small door-way in the church wall, which afforded him a partial shelter from the attacks of his assailants; but the quarryman, wishing to deprive him of this chance of safety, rushed upon him, to drag him out in the midst of the crowd, where he would have been trampled to death. Fear, however, gave to d'Aigrigny sufficient strength to repulse the quarryman, and he remained as if riveted to the corner in which he had sought shelter. The resistance of the victim increased the rage of the assailants, and the cries of death resounded with increased violence. The quarryman again rushed on d'Aigrigny, whose strength was now exhausted. "To die from the blows of these brutes, after having so many times escaped death in the field of battle!" such was the thought that passed through d'Aigrigny's mind when the quarryman renewed his attack. Suddenly, and at the moment when the Jesuit, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, called aloud for help, the door against which he was leaning was opened, and a firm hand hastily drew him into the church. The quarryman, who found himself face to face with the person that had, as it were, taken the place of the victim, now recoiled a few paces, struck with surprise at the sudden appearance of this apparition, and filled with a vague sentiment of admiration and respect for him who had so miraculously rescued d'Aigrigny.

It was Gabriel. The young missionary stood on the threshold of the door. His countenance shone with such angelic beauty, and was filled with such tender compassion, that the crowd felt moved, when Gabriel, his large blue eyes wet with tears, and his hands raised in supplication, cried out, "Mercy, my brethren; be humane—be just!"

"No mercy for a poisoner! Give him up, or we will come and take him."

"What, my brethren, in the church! in a place of sanctity and refuge for all who are oppressed!" replied Gabriel.

"The poisoner is in the church," said the quarryman; "we must bring him out;" and, followed by Ciboule and a number of the determined rabble, he approached Gabriel, who, having expected this event, drew hastily back into the church, and barricaded the door in the best manner he could, crying out, at the same time, to d'Aigrigny, to make his escape by the vestry, for that every place else was closed.

D'Aigrigny, exhausted and covered with bruises, thinking he was in safety, had thrown himself on a chair, and at the sound of Gabriel's voice, he rose with difficulty, and, with tottering steps, endeavoured to reach the choir, which was sur-

rounded by a railing, but his strength failing him, he reeled and fell senseless on the ground. Gabriel finding that he could not hold the door any longer, ran as quick as thought, and dragged d'Aigrigny under the choir. When he came out, and was fastening the door, the quarryman and his band rushed into the church. The young missionary, who had been all but crucified by the savages of the Rocky Mountains, had too much courage not to risk his life for d'Aigrigny, who had deceived him with such base and cruel hypocrisy.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MURDERERS.

The quarryman, his eyes sparkling with rage, ran up to Gabriel, who was standing in front of the choir, and said, "Where is the poisoner?"

"Who told you he was a poisoner, my brethren?" replied Gabriel, "where are the proofs? Where are the witnesses and the victims?"

"We are not at confession," retorted the quarryman; "we must have him, or we'll take you instead."

"Yes," cried several voices, "we must have one of them."

"Well, here I am," said Gabriel, advancing with calm and dignified resignation. "You wish for blood; take mine, and I will forgive you, for your reason is blinded by rage."

"The poisoner is behind the railing," cried one of the crowd, "Look there, he is lying on the cushion."

The crowd now rushed toward the choir. Gabriel lost all hope of saving the Jesuit, yet he cried, throwing himself in front of them, "Stop, madmen, stop; do you want to take his life?"

"Yes, yes," cried the crowd.

"Well then, let him die," said the missionary, "let him die instantly,"

These words struck the crowd with surprise.

"This man is guilty, you say," resumed the young missionary, in a voice trembling with emotion. "You have condemned him without proofs—without witnesses; no matter—he must die. You accuse him of being a poisoner—and his victims—where are they? You know not. What does that signify—you have condemned him. His defence—that sacred right of every one accused—you have refused to hear—it matters not—you have passed sentence upon him. You are at the same time accusers, judges, and executioners. What! you have never seen this unfortunate man before—he has never done you any harm—you know not whether he has ever harmed any one, and yet you take upon

yourselves the terrible responsibility of his death. Let it be so; the condemned shall die—the sanctity of the house of God will not save him.”

“No! no!” shouted a number of voices.

“You wish to spill his blood in the temple of the Lord,” continued Gabriel. “It is, you say, your right. You administer terrible justice, but what need of so many robust arms to punish a dying man? Why so much fury and violence? Is it thus that the people, equitable and powerful, administer justice? No, no, when they know they are right they strike their enemy with the calmness of an upright judge, not with blind fury; and in uttering cries of rage, as if they wished to stun themselves while committing some base and horrible assassination. No, it is not thus that the formidable right you are about to exercise, ought to be fulfilled; for you still desire it?”

“Yes,” cried the quarryman, and several others, while the rest remained mute, astounded at the words of Gabriel, who described to them, in such vivid colours, the odious crime they were about to commit. “Yes, it is our right, and we will kill the prisoner.”

The quarryman, followed by a resolute group, advanced, and by his gestures appeared as if he intended pushing Gabriel aside; but the missionary, instead of approaching him, took him by the arm, saying, in a firm voice, “Come!” and then led the astounded quarryman, whom his companions hesitated to follow, into the choir, right up to the body of d’Aigrigny, and said, “Here is your victim—you have condemned him—strike.”

“What I only!” cried the quarryman.

“Oh!” replied Gabriel, “there is no danger—he is exhausted by suffering—there is scarcely a breath of life in him—he will offer no resistance—fear nothing—strike him—here are the judges, and you are the executioner.”

“No,” cried the quarryman, drawing back, “I am not the executioner.”

The crowd was mute, and for some minutes not a word, not a cry, broke the solemn silence which reigned in the cathedral.

In this desperate moment Gabriel had acted with a profound knowledge of the human heart. When a savage multitude rushes on its victim, and every one strikes his blow, this sort of murder in common seems less horrible, because its responsibility is divided; but select one of them, tell him to strike, and you will find he will recoil at the idea. So was it with the quarryman. Some of the band accused him of cowardice.

“If,” said he, “there is any one bolder than I am, let him become the executioner.”

This proposition was followed by a profound silence.

D’Aigrigny uttered a cry of agony, raised his head for a moment, and then fell back as if he had expired. Gabriel rushed to where he lay, and fell on his knees, saying, “Oh God, he is dead.”

These words were circulated among the crowd, while Gabriel was endeavouring to feel the beating of the Jesuit’s pulse.

“Is there no hope?” said the quarryman to Gabriel.

Gabriel’s reply was anxiously waited for in the midst of the most profound silence.

“God be praised!” cried Gabriel, “his heart still beats; quick, and help me to carry him to a neighbouring house, where he will be attended to.”

The quarryman obeyed with eagerness, and when his companions saw him, aided by the young priest, carrying the man, whom they had so lately pursued with cries of death, they were seized with a sudden feeling of pity, and were all anxious to offer their services. A boy now ran for a coach, and while they were waiting, Gabriel, hearing d’Aigrigny heave a deep sigh, exclaimed, “He is saved!”

“So much the better,” cried several voices.

“Yes, so much the better, my brethren,” resumed Gabriel, “for instead of being overwhelmed with remorse for a crime, you will have to remember a just and charitable action. Let us thank God that he has changed your blind fury into compassion.” Gabriel then knelt down, and was respectfully imitated by all present. The organist, who had witnessed this scene, could not resist a sudden impulse which led him to his instrument. A melodious sound, at first scarcely audible, arose from the centre of the vast cathedral; then sweet and ethereal as the balmy vapour of incense, it ascended to the vaulted roof, and then those soft and subdued tones gradually changed into a solemn and melancholy strain, which rose to heaven like the song of gratitude and of love. The coach now arrived, and Gabriel was almost carried to it, in triumph, by the crowd. D’Aigrigny having recovered his senses, desired to be taken to the Rue de Vaugiraud, and at his request, the coach stopped before a house which he entered alone, whither we will now conduct the reader.

CHAPTER IX.—THE PROMENADE.

A few days after d’Aigrigny had been so courageously rescued by Gabriel, three ecclesiastics were seen walking, with slow and measured steps, in a garden belonging to a house at the extremity of the Rue de Vaugiraud. The youngest of them was

about thirty; his countenance was pale and meagre, and bore the impress of ascetic severity. His companions appeared to be between fifty and sixty, and their plump and rubicund visages wore an expression of sanctity mixed with cunning.

"I am afraid," said one of them, "that the continual agitation to which the Abbé Rodin has been a prey, since he was attacked by the cholera, has exhausted his strength, and brought on a relapse, which may prove fatal."

"It is painful to think," said the youngest, "that his reverence has been the subject of scandal, for obstinately refusing public confession, when his life was despaired of, and when it was deemed necessary to offer him the last sacrament."

"It is affirmed," said the other, "that the Abbé Rodin said to Cardinal Malipieri, who was exhorting him to make an exemplary end, worthy of a son of Loyola, our holy founder—it is affirmed, I say, that the Abbé Rodin said to his eminence, 'I do not need public confession; I want to live and I will live—'"

"It is," said the youngest, "a great misfortune for his soul, but I am certain his reverence has been calumniated."

"It is only as a rumour of calumny that I mention it," replied the other. "Have you seen," continued he, "the person that was brought here wounded, whom they call *Monsieur of the Pavilion*?"

"No," replied the young ascetic, "he has not once visited the chapel since he has been here."

"Have you heard how rapidly the tickets of our pious lottery are being disposed of? they still continue to receive splendid presents, and I understand that the prizes of the Virgin will be the richest."

"What do you mean by the prizes of the Virgin?"

"Oh, it's a charming invention of Mother Sainte Perpetue—a small figure of the Virgin, moved with springs, so contrived, that the holy mother of the Saviour is made to stop at the numbers of the largest prizes."

This interesting conversation was unfortunately interrupted by the entrance of Cardinal Malipieri, who was on his way to the apartment occupied by Rodin.

(To be continued.)

THE WAKENING OF THE POET'S HARP.

(UNPUBLISHED.)

The following animated poem by poor Nicholson, the Yorkshire poet, of whom we gave a memoir a few months back,* was

* Vide the Mirror, Vol. VI, New Series.

lately discovered by his daughter among his papers. It is not unworthy of his name.

THE WAKENING OF THE POET'S HARP.

With harmony of numbers that smoothly floats along,
Like the softest harp of nature with the winds its strings among;
Then stronger in his measure, and bolder in his rhyme,
Unfolding all his treasure, like the evening's swelling chime.

He wakens then the echo as in bolder verse he sings,
And bolder and still bolder he strikes the swelling strings;
His rhyme is growing bolder, he cheerily strikes the lyre;
His muse—he cannot hold her, she mounts on wings of fire.

She leaves all earthly grandeur, and o'er the hills she soars,
What cares he then for slander where every star adores;
Here singing strains unborrowed the poet's verse can claim,
A wreath that's everlasting, of never-dying fame.

In his own path of glory he sweetly chants along,
And all the hearts of genius can comprehend his song;
Beyond the height of coldness he sings in grandeur's strains,
His verse has greater boldness as higher heights he gains.

Till lost in the creation—surrounded by its gems—
He sees the heaven of heavens decked with bright diadems;
And tho' sometimes in sorrow, despised and turned to shame,
He wins his wreath of glory, composed of endless fame.

SONG OF THE FAIRY OF THE SEA.

From Ochlenachlager's Drama of
"The Fisher's Daughter."

O fair lies the fisher's cottage,
Close by the ruddy sea—
The grass, the palm, the fountain,
They make it fair to see.
The stranger gazes on it
Wisfully o'er the foam,
And thinks that here for ages
Sweet peace must have made her home.

But could he look within it,
And want and sorrow see—
The father's grief and mourning—
Where would its beauty be?
Hark to the children weeping—
Each rears its little head,
From short and uneasy sleeping,
And wails, but in vain, for bread.

But soft, through the open lattice,
I'll drop this melon rind,
And here on this rock beside me,
This coin of gold shall lie.
This shall the little Lolo
Find when he seeks for shells;
God leaves not the house forsaken
Where guiltless childhood dwells.

DEFECTIVE BRAIN OF A THIEF.

In the time of Oliver Cromwell, among the other abuses detected in that age of reform, was one of a very grave character, which was attacked by a Mr. Bulwer, in a work bearing this attractive title:—"Anthropometamorphosis, Man Transformed, or the Artificial Changeling, historically presented in the mad and cruel gallantry, foolish bravery, ridiculous beauty, filthy fineness, and loathsome loveliness of most Nations fashioning and altering their Bodies from the Mould intended by Nature. By Johannes Bulwer. 1653."

In this book, the writer arraigns different nations, upon charges of altering, by artificial contrivances, the natural shape and proportions of the body; and in allusion to the back part of the head being compressed and so diminished in size, he observes—"The inconveniences that many times attend this affected fashion of the head, when the nape, with a little bunchiness remaineth not, but the nodock is made flat, are, that the brain is not so figured as is requisite for wit and habilitie to action, as Galen shows; the reason is, because voluntary motion depends upon the nerves, whose principle the cerebellum is; since, therefore, the original and chiefe instrument of voluntary motion resides in the hinder part of the head, men are, by this depraving the figure of their heads, made more cold and indisposed unto motion, and so likewise unto recollection, the after braine, the seat of memory, being thus perverted. Which effect was observed (as Benivinius reports) in the dissection of one James, a famous thief, the hinder part of whose head was found so short that it contained but very little portion of brains, for which cause, when he could least of all remember the banishments, imprisonments, and torments he had suffered for his former villanies, falling like an impudent dog to his vomit, was at last hanged, which put an end to his life and theft together."

Reviews.

The London Medical Directory.

It is, not a little singular that a Medical Directory has not sooner been published. The publication before us, though confessedly imperfect, contains a great deal of information connected with the profession in a very small compass, in form and manner following:—

"NORTH, JOHN, 18, King-street, Portman-square.—General Practitioner; qualification, M.R. C.S.E. April 8, 1828; F.R. C.S.E. 1844; lecturer on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children, at the Middlesex Hospital School of Medi-

cine; F.L.S.; Fell. Roy. Med. Chir. Soc. Lond.; author of a work entitled, 'Treatise on the Convulsions of Infants,' 1832; a frequent contributor of various original articles to the medical journals, also as a reviewer; formerly editor of the 'London Med. and Physical Journal.'

"NORTON, EDWARD, 29, Upper Baker-street, Regent's-park—Surgeon; qualification, M.R.C.S.E. July 20, 1832; L.A.C. May 26, 1831, surgeon of the Royal Humane Society in 1843."

Such a book, if properly supported by these who are so much interested in its success, must prove very serviceable; but no vigilance can render it what it ought to be without the active co-operation of the medical gentlemen themselves. Homopathic Professors, we see, are included. In mentioning Mr. John Smith, of Banner-street, St. Luke's, it is incidentally remarked, that there are eighteen gentlemen of that name on the College list, and fifteen in the Hall list. Within the last fortnight, however, the number had been diminished by one. The death of the gentleman above particularised, was announced in the *Times* a few days back, at the age of seventy-seven.

The Gafferet.

A Great Name not Gained at once.—The elder Vestris had a natural son, who, like himself, became a celebrated dancer. He, however, would not allow him to assume the name of Vestris, before he was convinced that he was not unworthy of it. The youth was for some years called Auguste; a little later his sire authorised him to join the first five letters of his paternal to the maternal name, and then he was known as Vestrallard; nor was it before he obtained an extraordinary triumph in a new ballet, that his father, with tears in his eyes, sought him in his box, and, as the most brilliant of rewards, allowed him to be invested with the name of "Vestris."

Rome in Easter week.—"Eister week is," says a recent visitor, "a period of great interest and excitement. At an early hour in the morning the streets are lined with carriages, which extend from the Piazza di Spagna and other districts to the church. The pope at one time is seen blessing the people from the *loggia*, the centre balcony in front of St. Peter's; at another he is carried in procession through its interior. Then, again, he appears serving at the apostle's table, or performing the ceremony of washing the apostles' feet, in imitation of the divine founder of christianity. Certain hospitals also are prepared for the reception of pilgrims, and nobles propitiate heaven by washing the

feet of those devout wanderers who journey to Rome at this sacred season. The ladies of the nobility wash the feet of the female pilgrims, in an apartment annually prepared and set apart for their reception; and conceive that by so doing they set them an example of devout christian humility. Those who wish to see the pope washing the apostles' feet must be in St. Peter's at nine in the morning, although the ceremony does not take place until eleven o'clock.

Storms in London.—Thirteen years of observations (from 1807 to 1822) made by Mr. Howard, at Plaistow, Clapton, and Tottenham, near London, give an average of 8.5 lightning storms per annum; the least number in one year was 5 in 1819; the greatest number, 13 in 1809. The annual average of 8.5 storms, distributed among the months, is as follows:—

January.....0.0	July.....2.0
February....0.2	August.....1.3
March.....0.4	September.. 0.4
April.....0.4	October.....0.4
May.....1.8	November....0.2
June.....1.4	December....0.1

Storms in Paris.—From a series of observations, from 1785 to 1837, we have the general annual mean of 13.8, or nearly fourteen storms in each year. This average, distributed among the months, is as follows:—

January.....0.1	July.....2.6
February....0.1	August.....2.1
March.....0.3	September..1.3
April.....0.8	October....0.5
May.....2.7	November..0.1
June.....2.9	December..0.1

From this it would appear, that in Paris, as in London, the two months most exempt from these awful visitations were December and January.

Honours of Assassins.—Major Harris, when traversing the Highlands of Ethiopia, lost three of his men by the Behawin prowlers. A serjeant, a corporal, and a camp follower were stabbed in their beds under cover of darkness, not with any attempt to plunder, but merely "with a view to acquire that barbarous estimation and distinction which is only to be arrived at through deeds of assassination and blood. For every victim, sleeping or waking, that falls under the murderous knife of one of these fiends in human form, he is entitled to display a white ostrich plume in the hair, to wear on the arm an additional bracelet of copper, and to adorn the hilt of his reeking creese with yet another stud of silver or pewter, his reputation for prowess and for bravery rising among his clansmen in proportion to the atrocity of the attendant circumstances."

Force of Running Water.—It is proverbial that water by slow degrees will wear stone away. In one instance, on record, a torrent of hard blue lava, ejected from one of the craters near the summit of Mount Etna, had crossed the channel of the Simeto, the largest of the Sicilian rivers, and had not only occupied the channel, but crossing to the opposite side of the valley, had accumulated there in a rocky mass. The date of this eruption is supposed to be 1603; and, at any rate, it is one of the most modern of those of Mount Etna; but now, after the lapse of nearly two centuries and a half, the river has cut a passage for itself through the lava from fifty to one hundred feet wide, and in some parts from forty to fifty feet deep.

Madrid.—Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained 200,000 human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at St. Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to say, the land is our own whenever we choose to take it; but a population, which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist.

—*Borrow.*

Judicial Barbarity.—Morrison mentions, in his account of Germany, the following extraordinary punishment:—"Neare Lindaw, I did see a malefactor hanging in iron chain on the gallows, with a massive dogge hanging on each side by the heeles, so as being nearly starved they might eat the flesh of the malefactor before himself died by famine; and at Frankforde I did see the like punishment of a Jew."

Pilots.—Four classes of pilots, for a long period, had charge of our shipping, the Hovelling and Trinity House or Cinque Port pilots. The hovellers had no licence to pilot, but many of them went where other pilots were not to be had, and until the appointment of the Deal and Dover pilot cutters for shipping pilots, in all weathers cruised in the British Channel, from the Start to the Straits of Dover. They sailed their own boats, put pilots on board of vessels, and after they had been superseded by the Cinque Port pilots, the losses of British vessels, and of lives and property in the Channel, greatly increased.

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